

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## EMILE AUGIER.

This celebrated French dramatist, the success of whose comedy of *Gabrielle* was so great at the St. James's Theatre, has returned to Paris to fulfil an important engagement. M. Augier is preparing the libretto for a grand opera to be presented at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The music will be written by M. Gounand, an untried composer, of whose talent report speaks highly. M. Gounand is the real "new musical genius" whose advent has been so often hinted in mysterious terms by the *Athenæum*.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY night was rendered important by the appearance of Madame Frezzolini, who, after a triumphant reign of three or four seasons over the Opera at St. Petersburg, returns with her fresh laurels to this country.

The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the first aria, "Com' è bello," with its cabaletta, at once established the success of the vocalist. The upper part of her voice is singularly clear and powerful,—indeed, more so than the middle; and though she goes as high as C or D, these extreme notes are firmly held, and are never deficient in quality. Her execution was marked by the brilliancy of her cadences, and the truth of intonation with which she touched her intervals.

In the second act all her qualities as an actress were not perfectly displayed. The agonies of Lucrezia were rendered with elegance and expression, both of voice and gesture, but there was not the full amount of force in the threats darted at Don Alfonso. But the third act completely took the audience by storm; her acting here was a masterpiece of tragedy for which they were unprepared. The poignant grief of the mother at witnessing the death of the son whom she had regarded as the only consolation of her miserable and sinful existence was as forcible as it was elaborate, and it is scarcely possible to conceive gestures at once so striking and so graceful as those which indicated the last stages of her despair. "M'odi, ah! m'odi," when she implores Gennaro to take the antidote, was a perfect specimen of dramatic singing, every phrase being impregnated with the intense feeling of the situation. This produced an enthusiastic *encore*. But even more striking was the effect she created with the audience by the declaration, "Un Borgia sei," with which she astounds Gennaro. The confession seemed accompanied by an indescribable thrill of agony, and was well met by the horrified astonishment of M. Baucarde, who played Gennaro. It will be observed that at this point there was no passage to *encore*, no air to applaud, in a word, no ordinary starting point for operatic enthusiasm, but the loud approbation which filled up the pause on the stage was the almost involuntary tribute to a genuine histrionic display. The enthusiasm which Madame Frezzolini created by this scene lasted with undiminished force after the fall of the curtain, and on her first appearance

after the conclusion of the opera she was almost overpowered with bouquets. When she retired she was summoned to reappear a second and a third time. It is rarely that we can record an instance of a success so decided.

M. Baucarde maintained his reputation as Gennaro, and, as we have already hinted, ably supported Madame Frezzolini in his last scene. Mademoiselle Ida Bertrond sang very nicely as Orsino, but scarcely gave enough anacreontic gaiety to the famous "Il segreto per esser felice." The admirable performance of Lablache as Don Alfonso is too universally known to need new commendation. The trio in the second act was, of course, an *encore*.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ALTHOUGH Meyerbeer's celebrated work, *Robert le Diable*, was produced last season at the Royal Italian Opera, the cast was so unsatisfactory, and the performance—a solitary one—in general so incomplete, that it may be said to have been heard for the first time at this theatre on Thursday, when it was revived with an *ensemble* entirely unparalleled, and a splendour and magnificence seldom, if ever, surpassed. Last year, Salvi was the Robert; Marini, the Bertram; Mario, the Rambaldo; Dorus Gras, the Alice; and Corbani, the Isabella. All these parts were differently sustained on Thursday, Tamberlik being the Robert; Formes, the Bertram; Mario, the Rambaldo; Grisi, the Alice; and Castellan, the Princess. The difference of the cast may be estimated at a glance. The result of this powerful array of talent combined in one opera was one of the most crowded audiences ever witnessed within the walls of the Royal Italian Opera.

Unfortunately for the prolonged success of the *Roberto il Diavolo*, two circumstances will be found to exert a counter-acting influence. The first is, the vagueness and uninteresting nature of the plot; the second, the interminable length of the work. Though curtailed as much as possible on Thursday night, without robbing it of its fair proportions, and though the first and second, as well as the fourth and fifth acts were united into one, thus abridging the time of the performance considerably, yet the opera was not over until half an hour after midnight. Four hours and a half of serious music, unsupported by moving incident, or thrilling situation, must inevitably prove too much for the nerves of a large auditory; and despite the beauty of the music, the fineness of the singing, and the gorgeousness of the *mise en scene*, towards the close of the performance on Thursday we witnessed all round us unmistakable signs of lassitude and ennui. If the opera be retained at Covent Garden, it must be cut largely. The difficulty is, where is the knife to be used without entailing serious damage. Mr. Costa has already pruned the music with his usual tact, but his skill must be carried to a still greater extent, if he would hope for an enduring success for the *Robert le Diable*.

As a work of art, though not of effect, the *Robert* is, perhaps, superior to the *Huguenots* or *Prophete*. Its power is more equally sustained throughout, and it more abounds in pleasing and natural melodies. In construction and development it certainly leans more to the manner of the great masters than the later works of the composer. It is, in fact, less fragmentary and patchy, and exhibits less of that word-painting, which appears to be the besetting sin of Meyerbeer in his two last grand works.

The effect produced by the *Robert le Diable*, on Thursday, at the Royal Italian Opera, was hardly equal to what might have been foregathered from the list of characters and the complete manner in which the opera was given. Doubtless too much was expected, and disappointment was the inevitable consequence. Great was the curiosity indulged in to hear Mario and Tamberlik in the same piece of music, and great were the expectations raised. Anxious were the many to test Grisi in Jenny Lind's famous part; while Formes' performance of Bertram having been spoken of as something marvellous, helped to create further tantalising anticipations. Now, all his while, it never occurred to the "mighty many," that all these artists, with the exception of Formes, had to undertake their parts for the first time, and never thought of making the least allowance for initiative essays, more especially in music something opposed to their school of singing. In fact, neither Grisi nor Tamberlik felt perfectly at home in their characters; and although at the end they warmed up, and created an immense effect, separately and together, we are certain they have not yet come out in full force. Tamberlik, in the earlier scenes, either husbanded his powers, or was afraid to use them. The famous *Sicilienne* lost much of its effect by the timidity or carefulness of the singer. In the whole of the first act Tamberlik was certainly not himself. In the duet with Formes in the third act he gathered strength, was really great, and sang magnificently. In the trio with Alice and Bertram, and the subsequent duet with Bertram, he fully sustained his reputation as one of our greatest living dramatic singers. The trio was encored, and Formes and Tamberlik were re-called after the duo.

The character of Alice has not metal enough in it for the great powers of a Grisi. The "Diva," though she sang at times magnificently, and acted at times with all her wonted grandeur and impulsiveness—witness the scene at the cross and the duet with Bertram—did not feel entirely at home. Alice is a very charming part, and so is Linda, and others of that stamp, but it is not of that kind to call forth the highest tragic qualities, and is more suited to the capacities of a Lind, or a Persiani, than a Grisi.

Formes, in Bertram, exhibited that admirable conception of character which we have noticed in all his personations, and that splendour of voice and dramatic energy for which he is so justly celebrated. The character in his performance lost none of its vitality or forcibleness, but was realised with a vigour and carried out with a sustained power impossible to be surpassed. It is much to be lamented that the great German basso did not exhibit as much judgment in his personification as he did other desirable qualities. It is perhaps the custom in Germany to render characters of the Bertram class, which may be said to be half demon and half man, intensely coloured and exaggerated for the purpose of effect. In this case, however, the effect is lost on us. We see nothing strikingly dramatic in Bertram's continually using his cloak as the vampire-bat uses his wings, making himself a Zamiel instead of a Caspar. Herr Formes should have discriminated better, and the eternal struggle after effect has

no other effect than to neutralize effect altogether. These remediable faults apart, Formes' performance was powerful and intense, and produced a marked sensation.

In the small part of Rambaldo, Mario displayed the nicest appreciation of character. He played the rustic minstrel with the most becoming *gaucherie*, and looked as pleasantly frightened when sentenced to be hanged by Roberto, as the veriest countryman in all Normandy. His music was not very important, but what he had to sing he sang delightfully.

Castellan made a most charming Isabella, and gave the beautiful music of the part with great brilliancy and expression. The two famous airs, "Idol de ma vie," and "Robert, toi que j'aime," were received with peculiar favour, and the latter encored, although the encore was not accepted by the fair artist.

We have already extended our article beyond our limits. Next week we shall advert to sundry matters connected with the *Roberto il Diavolo*, unavoidably omitted in our current number.

#### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE following was the programme of the sixth concert, which took place on Monday night:—

##### PART I.

Sinfonia in D, No. 4 . . . . .	Mozart.
Aria "So weih' ich mich" (Euryanthe) Herr Formes . C. M. von Weber.	
Trio, two violoncellos and contra-basso, Messrs. Lind-ley, Lucas, and Howell . . . . .	Corelli.
Aria "Porgi, Amor" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Madame Madeleine Nottes . . . . .	Mozart.
Concerto in D Minor, pianoforte, M. Thalberg . . . . .	Mozart.

##### PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale . . . . .	Beethoven.
Aria, "O tu, la cui dolce possanza" (Fidelio), Madame Madeleine Nottes . . . . .	Beethoven.
Variations of the Barcarolle in L'Elisir d'Amore, pianoforte, M. Thalberg . . . . .	Thalberg.
Duetto "Durch die Nacht" (Les Huguenots), Madame Madeleine Nottes and Herr Formes . . . . .	Meyerbeer.
Overture, Anacreon . . . . .	Cherubini.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

That the above selection was attractive to the general public may be surmised from the fact that considerably more than a hundred extra tickets were sold, and the rooms so crowded that many could not find even space for standing. Those who decry concerts where good music and first-rate artists may be heard by large audiences at a moderate charge, and who declare that both the music and the artists are depreciated, might have found reasons last night to modify, if not reverse, their opinion. The undoubted features of attraction, the real combined causes of the unusually full attendance, were M. Thalberg, Herr Formes, and the Pastoral Symphony. Nevertheless, both the pianist and the singer have been constantly, and very recently, heard at the Wednesday Concerts, while the Pastoral Symphony has been one of the mainstays of M. Jullien for five or six years. How can these facts be reconciled with their alleged deterioration in value? The truth is there are two different audiences, never likely to meet in the same arena, although entertaining a taste for the same things in art; and there is no substantial reason why each should not be satisfied in proportion to its means. There is no doubt that, if the Philharmonic Society were materially to reduce its prices of admission, the Hanover Square Rooms would not be large enough to accommodate a sufficient number of subscribers to meet expenses; but this is no argument in favour of monopoly; this does not by any means affect the propriety of a notion rapidly gaining ground

among the multitude of music lovers who reside in the metropolis, that a cheap Philharmonic, in a vast arena, would be an excellent, and is positively a desirable thing. For the 500 or 600 persons who can afford to pay four guineas for eight concerts, or a guinea for one, how many thousands are there equally desirous of hearing the music of the great masters well executed, to whom the fourth part of these sums would be the *maximum* at disposal? The Philharmonic Society was for very many years a regular close borough; but matters have changed, the taste for music has become almost universal, and the annual direction of these exclusive concerts is now as open to public observation and the strictures of the press as the management of a theatre or an opera-house. We are aware that the society itself is very unwilling to own this, and affects to express a thorough independence of out-of-door censure; but the time is not far off when it will be obliged to acknowledge the fact, and shape its course accordingly. One great advantage of another society, with similar views and objects, would be the breaking up of that system of past-worship, and that tendency to eliquism, which, had there ever been a substantial opposition, would have long ago brought the Philharmonic Society to a proper sense of its position. We will merely suppose that during the present season there had been another society for the performance of the great instrumental compositions of the classical masters, and for the introduction of all that is novel and excellent (so far as the number of concerts might allow) in the school of executive art. What would have been the probable result? First, the public would have had the advantage of hearing and appreciating the talents of such justly eminent men as Charles Hallé, Stephen Heller, Droyschok, Molique, Ernst, and several others, in concerts of magnitude and importance suited to bring them conspicuously forward. Second, some of the works of Hector Berlioz, which, though of European fame, have been studiously avoided by the Philharmonic Society (simply because they imperatively demand the most careful rehearsal), might have been submitted to the ordeal of an English musical public—the most judicious in the world—while many other works by meritorious composers, at home and abroad, which cannot succeed in finding even a trial at the Philharmonic (the society is too prosperous and lazy to give trials now), might have had a chance of being applauded, or condemned, according to their deserts. But while there is a monopoly all this is impossible, and so long as the Philharmonic Society remains absolute and exclusive, the subscribers and the public must be content to put up with anything that best suits the interests and individual policy of the seven annual directors, who may or may not be competent men, as the die turns.

One of the faults of Monday night's programme was its length, another was its choice of pieces, a third was the manner of their distribution. Mozart's symphony and Mozart's concerto, both in the same part, and both in the same key, was surely a miscalculation. Moreover, the symphony—except the first movement, which is very fine—is one of the weakest of the seven acknowledged grand symphonies of the master. The vocal music was exceedingly heavy, and, with the single exception of Mozart's *aria*, quite unfit for a concert-room. M. Thalberg, with all his talent—which we own to be incomparable in its way—should not have been engaged to play twice, while so many excellent artists, now in London, remain unheard by the Philharmonic subscribers—three of whom, by the way (Charles Hallé, Molique, and Stephen Heller), were observed among the audience. Perhaps M. Thalberg, whose performance of Mozart's concerto was an

unusual condescension on his part to the classical school, was doubtful of the effect of the music of the composer of *Don Giovanni*, and relied upon his own new fantasia on the air of Dulcamara, the Charlatan, to bring him up "with a wet sail" in case of failure. He should have had more confidence in his author, in his own fine playing, and in his audience, who are too used to Mozart to treat him with indifference. The *cadenzas* introduced into the first and last movements of the concerto, moreover, were quite enough to give the audience an opportunity of judging of the difference between the ancient and modern schools, between the styles of Mozart and Thalberg. These *cadenzas*, indeed, were the only points for criticism in M. Thalberg's very striking performance, since, having no quality in common with the concerto, to which they were forcibly allied, they were evidently out of place. We have already entered our protest against prepared *cadenzas* (in other words, impromptus composed ready for use) and we may add, that the only argument at all admissible in their favour is their resemblance in style to the master, whose music they are intended to illustrate. M. Thalberg's execution of his own fantasia was one of the most prodigious feats of mechanism to which we ever listened. The fantasia itself is as good a specimen of its class as most of the later productions of the same pen. It was rapturously encored; and, in reply to the compliment, M. Thalberg played his well-known *Tarantella* in C minor.

Corello's trio, originally composed for two violins and violoncello, is a musty remnant of antiquity which has only been preserved from well-merited oblivion by the occasional performances of Mr. Lindley, who, on this occasion, we understand, made his last public appearance. We never witnessed enthusiasm greater or more unanimous than that which honoured the *entrée* of the "father of the orchestra," who for upwards of half a century has occupied the first rank in his profession. Mr. Lindley played with that vigour of style and fulness of tone which have ever distinguished him, and so great was the satisfaction of the audience that he was compelled to go through the whole composition twice. The cheering was uproarious as the veteran slowly quitted the orchestra, carrying his beloved instrument himself, as though unwilling to trust so old and tried a friend to any other hands.

The symphony of Mozart was finely played, but the grand treat of the evening was the magnificent pastoral poem of Beethoven, the execution of which, apart from one or two slight inaccuracies, and some rare instances of want of delicacy in the delivery of subordinate passages, Mr. Costa has brought to a perfection almost impossible to surpass. Never was this glorious work more keenly relished.

Herr Formes gave a graphic and powerful reading of the fine scene from Weber's *Euryanthe*, an opera which has yet to become appreciated in this country. Madame Madeleine Nottes, owing to some mistake, arrived an hour too late, and was obliged to sing both her airs in the second part. This lady, we believe, enjoys considerable reputation in Vienna, Hanover, and other German towns, as a dramatic singer. She has a *mezzo soprano* voice of excellent quality, strong, and of ample register. She sings with an immense deal of feeling; but, like many German vocalists, is given to exaggerate expression. Her intonation is generally, but not always, correct. Madame Nottes produced a favourable sensation in both her songs, but her best effort was decidedly the air from *Figaro*. The overture to *Anacreon* was almost too good to play the audience out, but more than half of them left after M. Thalberg's second performance. The introduction of Corello's trio—which, though even more objectionable



than a quartet, was excusable on account of the interest attached to Mr. Lindley's performance—deprived us of one of the two overtures which the subscribers have been accustomed to expect at every concert.

#### THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE novelty of the fifth meeting was the first appearance in London of M. Silas, a young composer and pianist, of whom such flattering reports had reached us from abroad that we had every reason to suppose a new genius had arisen in the musical horizon. M. Silas began his education in Germany, and finished it at the Paris Conservatoire, where, we are told, he obtained the *premier prix* for a performance on the organ. It would appear that the difficulty is to avoid gaining a first prize at the French Musical Academy, since there is scarcely on record an example of any pupil leaving the institution without some such distinction. That it is not a proof of genius, or even of uncommon talent, M. Silas is by no means the first, or the twentieth, to have established. That continental fame may be as unstable as water, M. Silas has also been able to demonstrate in his own person. Though a very young man, we have read accounts of him in foreign journals which contain the most extravagant eulogies, and some go even so far as to make a comparison between M. Silas and the late Felix Mendelssohn. A Liverpool paper, in quoting one of these articles from the *Handelsblad*, an Amsterdam print, suggests that "it is not to be classed with the inflated *feuilletons* of the Paris press." It was recently, at one of the concerts of the Liverpool Philharmonic, that M. Silas made his first appearance in England. He played a concerto and conducted an orchestral overture of his composition, besides extemporising on "St. Patrick's-day," and "Come e gentil." The reports of his performances which appeared in the Liverpool journals were at strange variance. Some raised M. Silas to the skies, whilst others sank him into the abyss of insignificance. Mr. Ella, anxious, as usual, to provide his subscribers with the latest novelties, engaged M. Silas for the fifth meeting of the Musical Union; where his pretensions were fairly and dispassionately considered. M. Silas played the first movement of Sebastian Bach's concerto in D minor (with quintet accompaniment), and three *Lieder ohne Worte* of his own composition. He also extemporised on the theme of a slow movement from one of Haydn's quartets, which formed part of the morning's programme.

It is with sincere regret that in offering our opinion of the talents of M. Silas we are unable to take rank with his admirers. Still more do we feel the disagreeable responsibility of our office in being compelled, as a matter of justice, to declare that M. Silas does not rise above mediocrity either as a composer or a pianist, and that, as an extempore performer, he is beneath it. But it gives us pain thus, as it were, to blow away the reputation of a young artist with a breath; but calm reflection assures us that it is only charitable to tell M. Silas the truth. With the amount of talent he at present evinces, he cannot decently support the praises that have been lavished upon him; while the hollow fame he has acquired through the mistaken zeal of friends might some day place him in a position from which he would find it difficult to extricate himself with credit. We do not doubt that, by the aid of years of laborious study, M. Silas, who has youth to back him, might acquire distinction; but he is now at the very beginning of his career, and if he would honourably prosper he must henceforth depend upon the industrious application of his own resources for success, and not upon the insinuating breath of flattery, which hides a

poison in its sweetness, and is much more likely to send enthusiasm to sleep than spur it on to exertion.

From what we have said it would be evidently superfluous to enter into a detailed criticism of M. Silas's performances as pianist, composer, or improviser. Had he not been heralded with strains of unlimited adulation, we should have passed him over in silence, but we owe it to the public on all such occasions as the present to disclose the truth without hesitation, however unthankful the task. There are plenty like M. Silas at home, without looking for more elsewhere.

The quartets at this meeting were Haydn in D, No. 79, and Beethoven in C, No. 9 (Razumoffsky), both of which were played in first-rate style by MM. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. While mentioning the quartets we may take the liberty of reminding Mr. Ella that Mozart wrote many master-pieces in this form—a fact of which the spirited director appears to be forgetful, if we may judge by the little value he sets upon them. That Haydn was a great man no one will deny, but that Mozart was a greater is equally a truth, and why he should be almost excluded from the Musical Union, where Haydn figures so often, it would not be easily to explain. The Hungarian vocalist, whose admirable performances were so highly lauded last year, sang Kruezer's "Evening Prayer" and Mendelssohn's "Turkish Bacchanal" at the end of the concert, much to the satisfaction of the audience, one of the most crowded of the season.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The twelfth concert was given on Wednesday night, under a new management, and those persons who had purchased tickets for the eleventh, which it may be remembered did not take place, were admitted. The conduct of the musical arrangements is now vested in the hands of Mr. Jarrett, a gentleman whose long experience in these matters will probably inspire confidence, and help to bring the present season to a successful termination. It would be a pity that any reverse of fortune should arrest the progress of the London Wednesday Concerts, since, with all their leaning to popular tendencies, they have done essential service in spreading a taste for music among the multitude, besides having found constant employment for a large number of deserving artists.

The concert was a very attractive one, and gave a good augury of the spirit with which Mr. Jarrett intends to carry them on. Mademoiselle Angri was the vocal queen of the evening, and again created the greatest enthusiasm. She sang three solos—"Ah, quel giorno" from *Semiramide*, the page's second song, "No, no, no," from the *Huguenots*, and the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia*. She was encored with acclamations of applause in each, and was obliged to give the last three times. She was in fine voice, and sang with increased energy and vivacity of style. Mademoiselle Angri has taken the Exeter-hall audience by storm; her dashing and hearty manner of singing, her dramatic fire, and a certain *abandon* which is generally confined to the theatre, are something quite novel to the Wednesday Concerts. Herr Stigelli, the new German tenor, continues to improve upon acquaintance. He has a beautiful voice and considerable animation of style, which he displayed to advantage in "All is lost now" (*Sonnambula*), and the serenade from *Don Pasquale*. Herr Stigelli's pronunciation of the English language is pleasing and distinct. The other vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Rose Braham, Signor Bailini, Mr. B. Frodsham, and Mademoiselle Bordet, a young *débutante* of French extraction, who in the romance from *Otello* exhibited a *soprano* voice of the sweetest quality and a great deal of feeling, which the utmost nervousness could

not conceal. Mademoiselle Bordet produced a very favourable impression.

The instrumental part of the concert presented two successful novelties. A young girl, Mademoiselle Euphrosyne Bordet, (sister of the vocalist just mentioned), astonished the audience by executing one of the most difficult fantasias of Vieuxtemps on the violin, with a fulness and purity of tone, a delicacy of execution, and a depth of expression quite extraordinary in one of her sex and years. Mademoiselle Bordet is certainly not yet a Teresa or Maria Milanollo, but she is the nearest approach we have heard of the celebrated sister violinists. She was honoured with the warmest reception. Herr Hekking, another *débutante*, played a solo on the violoncello, in which he gave proofs of remarkable executive powers. He has the mechanism of the instrument completely at command, but his style is somewhat hard, and we did not like the tone of the instrument upon which he played. His performance was loudly applauded.

Herr Dreychock shared the honours of the evening with Mdle. Angri. He played twice, and was obliged to repeat both his pieces. In the first, a brilliant rondo of his own composition, accompanied by the orchestra, his prodigious command of octaves was demonstrated with the greatest effect, in several passages of extreme rapidity, where both hands were continually employed. There is a great deal of merit in this rondo, which, while extremely showy, is effectively written, and evinces considerable musical knowledge. After being encored in his variations on "God save the Queen," for the left hand alone—one of the wonders of modern execution—Herr Dreychock introduced his *Saltarello*, a sparkling and fanciful *morceau de caractère*, which he executed with delightful crispness of touch. The only fault of this concert was its length. Half a dozen of the vocal pieces might have been advantageously omitted.

#### HALEVY

(From the Morning Post.)

For the last fifteen years this distinguished composer has enjoyed a high reputation in England, whether from the success of his works in France, or from their reproduction on our own stage. Circumstances have, however, lately combined on all sides to attract general attention towards him. The French composers have lately superseded the Italian *maestri*; and at the opening of the theatrical campaign in London this year, two of his minor works were given with signal success at St. James's Theatre; another was no less successful at the Princess's; and, whilst the Covent-Garden establishment announced the production of two of his serious operas, it was found likewise that he had been engaged, in conjunction with M. Scribe, in writing another of the most important and promising character on the subject of Shakspeare's *Tempest*. On the eve of the production of this work, on account of its authors and of its actors, equally the object of general curiosity, some account of the life of M. HALEVY cannot fail to prove interesting.

Fromental HALEVY was born in Paris at the beginning of the present century: his father was a German, his mother a French lady. As the boy showed a precocious understanding, and his father, like most of his countrymen, was devotedly fond of philosophy and *belles lettres*, the young HALEVY was, at an unusually early age, sent to an academy. However, a few lessons on the pianoforte having been given him, with a view to employ his leisure moments, and to vary and relieve his attention, an invincible love of the musical absorbed all his thoughts. His father finding, at last, he could not surmount

this propensity, wisely gave way, and placed his son, at ten years of age, at the great Conservatoire. There, so rapid was his progress, that, being only twelve years, he won the grand prize of harmony against all his seniors. Soon afterwards he had the still greater good fortune of attracting the attention of one whose name and works will endure as long as the art of music. At thirteen, he studied composition under Cherubini. Only two years afterwards, when that great master was obliged to visit London (in 1815), so high an opinion did he entertain of the young HALEVY that he chose him as his temporary substitute to direct his class at the Conservatoire. From this moment, the great object of ambition with the young artist was to follow the example of Mozart, and visit the schools of Italy. A new triumph afforded him this opportunity. In 1819, having won the grand prize for composition of the Institution, he was sent by the Academy of France to Rome. He spent three years in Italy, travelling from one great musical city to the other, examining the works of such old composers as Marcello and Palestrina, studying under such renowned masters as Salieri and Zingarelli. From Italy he went to Vienna, purposely to visit one who was the particular object of his reverence—Beethoven—and was kindly received by that sublime composer. The time was now come when the young HALEVY must return to Paris, and shew "the mettle of his pasture." His first composition was *Pygmalion*, a work which he offered to the Grande Académie de Musique. It was immediately accepted, and highly spoken of by the *cognoscenti*. Political troubles, however, soon interfered to prevent the production of this opera. HALEVY resumed his studies until 1827. At the beginning of this year he gave the Opera Comique a work entitled *Phidias*. Its success was such that another was immediately demanded. This was *The Artisan*, which fully sustained the opinion entertained of his abilities.

Passing over minor works, we must particularly notice an opera which he subsequently gave at the Italiens, in 1829. This was an Italian opera *buffa*, entitled *Il Dilettante*. It was performed for two consecutive seasons, with immense success, by Malibran, Zuchelli, Donzelli, &c. In 1830 he produced, at the *Académie de Musique*, a ballet, *Manon L'Escaut*; and in 1831, at the same theatre, a ballet opera, *La Tentation*, which was performed, not only in Paris, but in all parts of Europe; its catching, sprightly melodies being re-produced on every hand-organ then manufactured for the peripatetic musicians of the streets. In 1832, Herold having suddenly died in all the flush of his triumphs, leaving his score of *Ludovic* imperfect, HALEVY undertook the duty of finishing and producing it on the stage; and this year he likewise composed *Les Souvenirs de la Fleur* for the re-appearance of the celebrated Martin. In 1835 he produced, at the *Académie de Musique*, an opera of the highest pretensions, *La Juive*, whose success was such that it was immediately brought out in every capital in Europe. He next produced, at the Opera Comique, *L'Eclair*, which has remained ever since one of the favourite works of that theatre's repertoire. In 1837, he produced his grand opera, *Guido and Ginevra*, at the Académie de Musique, with great success. He subsequently produced works whose titles alone suffice for a eulogy. In 1838, *Les Treize et le Sheriff*, at the Opéra Comique; in 1842, *La Reine de Cypre*, at the Académie; in 1843, *Charles VI.*, at the same theatre; in 1844, he produced the *Guitarero*; and in 1846, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, at the Opéra Comique. In 1848, at the earnest request of the director of the Opéra Comique, whose theatre, owing to the disturbed state of society, had been nearly forsaken, he gave *Le Val d'Andorre*, which was performed 165 successive nights,

and restored at once, in spite of every inauspicious circumstance, the vogue and fortunes of that theatre. Last year he was equally successful at the Opéra Comique with *La Fée aux Roses*, of which a translation is at this moment performed in London. Halevy has long since received the highest rewards his country could confer on him. At the court of Louis Philippe he enjoyed the highest favour: the unfortunate Duke of Orleans and his widow, the Duchess of Orleans, had placed him at the head of their *chapelle*. The Conservatoire conferred on him the title of Professeur de Haute Composition; he is an officer of the Legion of Honour, and of a number of foreign orders conferred on him by the different sovereigns who have listened to his compositions; and he enjoys the highest title that can reward exalted merit in France—that of Member of the Institute.

#### JULLIEN AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

WHIT-MONDAY was a great day for the Surrey Gardens. Jullien and the fine weather collected upwards of fifteen thousand people. It was the first appearance of both this season, was the delight in consequence.

Jullien's mind is a railroad, on which improvement is always travelling. The popular composer-conductor, in his own person, is the incarnation of the march of intellect. Last year, Jullien collected together a splendid band in the orchestra of the Surrey Gardens. But he found a great waste of means in his stringed instruments. They were all excellent, but they could not be heard. The open air drank in all the soft music. Now, this season, Jullien has dispensed with his fiddles entirely, and has manufactured a band of his own creation, nine parts military, and one operatic. He has doubled, or tripled, or quadrupled, as it may be, the wind instruments, and added a very strong battalion of double-basses. The effect is as novel as it is extraordinary, and as extraordinary as it is novel. Certainly the band, as it is at present constituted, is infinitely better adapted for *al fresco* playing than the commonly constructed band, and the effect is tantamount to its adaptation. The music is now heard over every part of the garden, and reaches the bears and the giraffes at the far end, as well as the pumas and hyenas of the round house.

The greeting given to M. Jullien on Monday last when he entered the orchestra was enthusiastic in the extreme. Again and again was the applause renewed, each round being more energetic than the former; and again and again did Jullien's name, sent from a thousand throats, reverberate through the gardens, startling the echoes of the mimic Alps behind the lake.

The bill of fare provided by Jullien for the visitors to the Surrey Gardens is just such a bill of fare as the visitors would cherish—in the main. In the main, we say, because Jullien, in catering for the pleasures of the multitude, aims also at their improvement. Whilst supplying them with popular overtures, valzes, quadrilles, polkas, &c., &c., he slyly slips in his programme an *andante* or a *schërzo* from a symphony of Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and marks how it produces its effect. When the *andante* and the *schërzo* are relished, then will Jullien peril the entire symphony.

The most favourite piece of the week has been Jullien's new *fantasia* on the *Prophète*. It produces an immense effect nightly, and may be reckoned among the composer's most happy and ingenious essays.

Solos have been played by Lazarus (clarinet), Pratten (flute), Kœnig (cornet), Prospero (ophicleide), &c.

The new painting provided by the directors this year represents a view of the Alps, with Napoleon crossing them with

his entire army. In point of colouring and perspective effect, this picture is undoubtedly the best which has been produced at the Surrey Gardens. The distance is preserved with a truthfulness which is quite puzzling, and the broken character of the mountains and the details of the foreground are managed with wonderful effect. This is decidedly a day picture, and should be considered without reference to the fireworks. The passage of the troops, appearing at the foot of the mountains in full size, and decreasing as they ascend gradually until they appear no bigger than pins' points, is capitally managed, and well worth a visit, to say nothing of the splendid fireworks and the magnificent tableau of Napoleon at the end.

The gardens have been crowded to suffocation during the week; and the directors, with the aid of the popular conductor, M. Jullien, and his admirable band, together with their new picture, stand a fair chance of reaping a silver harvest.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A favourite theme with German journalists is the religious bigotry of Englishmen and their narrowness of view in matters of art; in the more or less complete misrepresentations of England published by German tourists, princes and plebeians, the same charge is often found. It is singular that Berlin, the very focus of German enlightenment, has just produced, in an influential organ of the higher official and educated classes, the new *Preussische Zeitung*, a series of articles that unite the most violent religious bigotry with its most narrow-minded application to a work of art, to a degree never equalled by us *bornirte* islanders. The great composer of *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète* is accused in that journal of a systematic design, that runs through all his music, of undermining and destroying the Christian religion, and desecrating the forms of worship of the Christian church! The basis of the argument is that Meyerbeer is a Jew, and in his operas has frequently employed church music as a means of effect, such as the organ passage in *Robert*, and the Lutheran hymn of Marcel in the *Huguenots*. But all his previous offences sink into insignificance compared with the still more extensive employment of similar means in the *Prophète*. There, a solemn rite of the church, a coronation, is desecrated by the consecration of an impostor, with all the pomp of priestly processions, incense, and anthems. In this spirit the whole of the composer's last opera is criticised; no merit as a work of art redeems it; it is an insidious design against the Christian faith, for the purpose, it must be inferred, of propagating Judaism. The public must therefore beware how they listen to music; the most inspiring and glorious strains of harmony are snares for the soul if their composer is a Jew. This is a new principle in criticism, and deserves to be noticed, because finding readers and approvers among a people who represent themselves the sole possessors of a gift of a deep and philosophical appreciation of art in all its manifestations, and a universality of knowledge that makes prejudice in them impossible. In the case of Meyerbeer this freedom from prejudice has not been exhibited. He is more ungrudgingly admired in Paris and London than Berlin. There, his critics were more enthusiastic and more generous. The *Prophet* is not without honour in his own country, certainly, but it seems to be paid with considerable reservation.

#### REVIEW.

"Grand March of the Protectionists," by JAMES DACE.—WESSEL AND CO.

FROM the title of this composition, the intentions of the



author are evident. The "March" is appropriately dedicated to Lord John Manners and the Farmers of England. "Should his Lordship have any intention of heading a procession of "Protectionists" to the House of Parliament for the purpose of demanding aid in making John Bull pay, as in the good old war times—£50 a load for wheat—we have little doubt but that the energetic strains of Mr. Dace's "March" would enable his Lordship to screw his courage up to the "sticking place." The "March" is a spirited one, notwithstanding its title, which may not perhaps sound so pleasing to the generality of ears as it does to those of Lord John Manners and the Farmers of England.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### LYCEUM.

It is not usual now-a-days to distinguish the Whiteun holidays by any special dramatic entertainment, but this year the Lyceum and the New Strand have departed from the general rule, and pieces have been produced at both establishments with as much of the holiday character as the works ordinarily brought out at Christmas and Easter.

*Novelty Fair, or Hints for 1851*, belongs to the class of pieces known in Paris as *révues*, with this peculiarity, that in the act of reviewing it rather looks forward than backward. The year 1851, which is personified and acted by Mr. Charles Matthews, is the chorus to the whole, and sings the average quantity of voluble songs. From the "library of time" he calls forth sundry other personified years, each of which has its appropriate characteristic. Thus the year of Magna Charta is represented by a Runnymede Baron; 1792 is a furious French poissarde; and 1848 is a Red Republican, crimson from head to foot. When this prefatory matter is over, the scene of action is transferred to the booth erected to exhibit the industry of all nations. Here Britannia (Miss Julia St. George) presides, and the British Lion (Mr. Frank Matthews) officiates as a sort of beadle. France (Miss Eardley) is the most conspicuous of the foreign visitors, and friendly relations between her and Britannia are maintained by Peace (Miss M. Oliver.) The principal specimens of the industry of all nations are a series of four *tableaux*. The first represents a Parisian group at the barricades, which speedily gives place to a troop of dancing *debardeurs*. Italian and Spanish peasants, both shown in the act of doing nothing in a very picturesque manner, are the personages of the second and third *tableaux*; and the fourth, which concluded the piece, is devoted to a *Britannia triumphans*, attended by various good genii. In the intervals between these more imposing specimens sundry articles of a satirical purport are shown, such as a filter for the Thames' water, the fountains of Trafalgar-square, and so on—all explained very amusingly by themselves (when personified), and the year 1851, who acts as showman.

The class to which this piece belongs excludes everything like plot or dramatic construction; but the various phenomena are introduced with great tact, and the dialogue is at once marked by its smartness and its wholesome good-humoured tendency, commercial liberty and international peace being the goals to which it chiefly points. The year 1851 is one of those parts that Mr. C. Matthews alone can play; and though, through the nervousness of a first night, he now and then hesitated in his most rapid songs, the ease with which he cleared the gaps was so great that they even drew down additional applause. The three principal female characters were very well sustained by Misses St. George, M. Oliver, and Eardley, the last of whom was a *débutante*; and the Lion was

acted with unctuous burliness by Mr. Frank Matthews. The scenic effects, and especially the four *tableaux*, are beautifully managed.

After the principal actors had been called with tumultuous applause, a cry was raised for the authors, Messrs. Albert Smith and Tom Taylor, who accordingly appeared, and walked across the stage.

##### ADELPHI.

THE notion that a sudden elevation from poverty to wealth and rank is attended with anything but an increase of happiness has been popular at least from the time of Lucian, and many a dramatist has illustrated it by his art. Upon this notion is founded a new farce, produced at the Adelphi on Thursday night, under the title of *Jack in the Green*. The hero, represented by Mr. Wright, is a malcontent in the coal and potato line, who, because he is a foundling, and imagines that he is of noble birth, declines to oblige his friend, a stern plebeian chimney-sweep (Mr. Paul Bedford), by taking the itinerant part of "Jack in the Green" on May-day, and even objects to the assumption of that ladle-armed character termed the "lady" by his sweetheart, the sweep's daughter (Miss E. Chaplin). A gentleman (Mr. Boyce) works his cure by making him believe that he is the son of an earl, and forcing him to go through a course of etiquette. A dinner where he may not ask twice for soup, eat fish with a knife, and have an "ingon" with his cucumber, proves too much for him, and, abandoning his aristocratic notions with disgust, he is too glad to escape from genteel society, and effecting a reconciliation with his friends, to put on the verdant costume of the May-day "Jack."

The practical "fun" of Mr. Wright at the dinner, where he commits all sorts of enormities, is highly amusing, and the unmixed admiration with which he is regarded by his sweetheart is portrayed with a great deal of force by Miss E. Chaplin. The austere, unambitious *ramoneur* is a stately personage in the hands of Mr. Paul Bedford, and the small character of a sweep who enacts the May-day Clown, and incurs infinite bruises by practising his tumbling, is rendered with so much humour by Mr. Sanders that we regret the part—the newest in the piece—was not more developed.

A fault of the farce is its want of *vraisemblance* in point of character. The ignorance of the *parvenu* is rather that of the rustic who has seen nothing of cultivated life than that of the low Londoner, who has at any rate witnessed the outside of gentility.

##### NEW STRAND.

THE moral set forth in Mr. Godwin's romance of St. Leon, of the unhappiness consequent on the discovery of the great alchemical secret, has been worked out with less tragical results by Mr. Tom Taylor, in his burlesque of the *Philosopher's Stone*, produced on Monday night with distinguished success. Paracelsus (Mr. Leigh Murray), who is chosen for the hero, having found out the art of transmuting metals, and starts with the most sanguine views of enjoyment, at first becomes a thoroughly *blasé* rich man; tired of the amusements which his inexhaustible wealth procures, and lured to virtue by an amiable girl (Mrs. Stirling) in humble life, he tries philanthropy, but in his benevolent character he produces greater mischief than before, for his profuse charity stops the industry of the poor and causes a famine.

In the construction of the piece, which opens with a scene of all the metals personified, and then introduces them as transformed into beings of human interest, the author has followed the plan of his own *Diogenes*, where he has treated the Greek gods and goddesses in the same fashion. The dia-

logue has all the caustic smartness of that celebrated Christmas piece. The characters most prominent are Paracelsus, in which Mr. Leigh Murray admirably shows the effects of successive phases of fortune, and two comic servants, played with great humour and vivacity by Mr. Compton and Miss Marshall. The songs, to popular tunes, are highly effective.

#### MARYLEBONE.

On Monday evening this theatre opened with the tragedy of *King John*, and a new holiday piece called the *Woodman's Spell*, written by Mr. Stirling. *King John* is one of the best conceived and most even performances we have yet witnessed from Mr. Gustavus Brooke. It showed throughout a marked improvement in manner. The scene, in particular, in which the King tampers with Hubert to induce him to assassinate the young prince, was given with an impressiveness and repose which was loudly applauded. As the new piece is little else than a vehicle for scenery and dancing, we need say no more than that the former is exceedingly pretty—that the dances were most of them encoired—that Mr. Herbert, as a woodman made drunk and maudlin by the genius of Intemperance, kept the house in continual merriment—and that the whole was received with the most decided marks of approval by a crowded audience.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—On Monday last *Le Mari à la Campagne* was given for the first time this season. The piece is known to the English public by Mr. Morris Barnett's clever adaptation, which is much more than a mere translation—the *Serious Family*—containing the pith of the French piece, and so much of the argument as is compatible with English manners and customs, the omissions being supplied by corresponding national peculiarities in a manner which testifies to the superior tact and nice discrimination of the English dramatist. The French piece is one of the most lively comedies of the modern school; the attention is thoroughly captivated and sustained throughout, the dialogue is piquant, and the impression produced is one of unmixed satisfaction, combined with just sufficient intrigue and uncertainty to maintain the interest of the story. The materials are slight, and the characters are rather broadly sketched than minutely developed, but the filling up is admirably executed by the principal actors, whose bye-play was little short of absolute perfection. Mdlle. Nathalie, Mdlle. Brassiné, Madame Mancini, and Messrs. Regnier and Lafont, were so perfectly at home in their parts, that we could almost fancy ourselves under the guardianship of the *Diable Boiteux*, witnessing some scenes of the drama of domestic life in all its truth and reality. The part undertaken by Mdlle. Nathalie showed her in a light in which we have not yet seen her in London. Her character was one which could derive no assistance from elegant toilettes or coquettish adjustments, in which all French women excel, and in which Mdlle. Nathalie is remarkable, even among Frenchwomen. Her dress was forcibly plain, prudish, even inelegant; yet she contrived to avoid the peril of being either ridiculous or inelegant, and, with the sole assistance of her great talent, presented us with a most finished and perfect picture. Her acting was remarkable for its extreme simplicity; her love for her husband, her awe for her mother, her respect for her position as a wife, superior even to her filial duty, were all portrayed with the most perfect judgment. Mdlle. Brassiné also sustained the part of the young widow with much liveliness and abandon. Madame Mancini made a good mother-in-law. M. Regnier's part was one of those in which he excels; more particularly in the scenes where he

is free from all trammels—delivered from the forced devotion and seriousness of the family circle—enlivened by the presence of Mr. Mathieu—conscious of the value of the few moments of liberty which he enjoys—forgetful of the past, alive only to the pleasures of the present, he multiplies himself to heap together as much enjoyment as he can crowd into every valuable instant of time; he is never quiet, either in word or action; he sets everybody in motion; he communicates his joyous humour to all with whom he is in contact, and even the presence of his mother-in-law can scarcely produce aught beyond a transient gloom on his countenance. Even the audience have some trouble to keep their seats, and the intervention of the orchestra and foot-lights is absolutely necessary to keep us from rushing on the stage to join in the medley, whilst under the influence of M. Regnier's mercurial vivacity. M. Lafont was most efficient in the part of César, he identified himself perfectly with the character, and was in every respect a gentleman. M. St. Marie did justice to the part of M. Mathieu, and looked a very Tartuffe. M. Alfred de Musset's petite comedy in one act, entitled *Un Caprice* has also been played. It is a clever trifle, more remarkable for the choice and elegance of the language than for originality of character or elaboration of sentiment. There are but three personages in the piece, and the plot—if plot there be—is a somewhat severe lesson on the inconstancy of the worst half of the creation. Mdlle. Nathalie was here quite in her element—elegant, capricious, coquettish by turns; she threw much charm into the author's conception, and interpreted his intentions with true feminine delicacy and refinement. The present combination of talent and excellent choice of pieces have drawn excellent houses to this theatre. J. DE C—.

The artists' amateur performance in aid of the funds of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution took place on Saturday night, the pieces selected being Mr. Jerrold's *Rent Day* and the *Poor Gentleman*, with the song of "Lord Bateman," given in character by Mr. G. Cruickshank, as an intermediate *bonne bouche*. The performance, which was under the patronage of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, was highly creditable to the amateurs, and attracted a numerous and fashionable audience.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

**OPERA COMIQUE.**—Before proceeding with our notice of Mr. Mitchell's interesting specimens of French Operas Comique, we wish briefly to allude to a subject of some importance to art and its profession—we mean the extravagantly high price which music is published at in this country. As an illustration of it, we went the other day into a music shop for a pianoforte arrangement of the *Crown Diamonds*, wishing for some reminiscence of it, although we do not think it a grand opera, or that its music is of a very high or intellectual character; still, some of it is very pretty. The only arrangement that was published, it was said, was one in five books, the price of each book five shillings, or twenty-five shillings for a pianoforte arrangement of a modern French opera, of course without the words or the overture! The consequence was, in lieu of the five books, but one was bought. It is true Mr. Novello and Messrs. Boosey and Co., have done something to remedy this, and deserve all praise for their excellent and cheap publications—the Oratorios of the former, and the *Standard Lyric Drama* of the latter publishers, are what we want, and should like to see carried out to a greater extent, as we feel confident that a more moderate price for music in this country would benefit all concerned, artists and amateurs, composers and conductors, professors and publishers. We are not at all sorry to see the *Lucrezia* of Donizetti now publishing in the *Standard Lyric Drama*, and we consider it his



greatest opera, and that it is only fitting a good example from such a master should appear in the work. Messrs. Rockstro and Mould, as well as Messrs. Boosey and Co., must excuse us for hinting, that there is *the one* opera of Beethoven, *Fidelio*, and although we have had the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mozart, *Figaro*, and *Juan*, there are yet one or two in this great master's limited range of operas that still retain their place on the lyric stage. Glück, and Cimarosa too—are they quite obsolete? Then Rossini still affords a mine of wealth—how many of his operas are popular as ever? Need we instance *Otello*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Semiramide*, *Tancredi*, *La Donna del Lago*, the recently revived *Mosè*, to say nothing of his last and greatest, *Guillaume Tell*.

We must apologise to you, Mr. Editor, for thus trespassing on your space, and diverging so far from the matter in hand, but the importance of the subject, we trust, will hold us excused.

To the *Opera Comique*, Auber, and his *Domino Noir* in particular, we had only time last week to say there was a fair house and a good performance. Mons. Scribe has undoubtedly a more probable story in this libretto than in the *Crown Diamonds*; still it is to our taste, *outré* and extravagant; at the same time to such a charming actress as Madlle. Charton, it affords capital opportunity for displaying her remarkable talent, which completely bewilders poor Horace (Mons. Lac); her assumption of the dress and manner of the Arragonese girl were excellent.

There is the prescribed French pattern of an English Milord, as in *Fra Diavolo*, in a Lord Elford. (Where did Scribe conceive or pick up his idea of names for English noblemen? Only fancy Lord Kockbourg! in the latter opera—Lord Allcash we call him in the English version.) This part was made very amusing by M. Chateaufort. We often hear in our own plays and farces an English actor represent a Frenchman with his broken English—it is something new to our ears to hear a French actor give the broken French interlarded with scraps of English. "Yes," of an Englishman M. Chateaufort created roars of laughter by his broad slow utterance; he carried out the idea capitally. M. Soyer was very good as Juliano; and the Convent Porter, Gil Perez, by M. Buguet, was inimitable. His song "Nous allons avoir," was unanimously encored, from the droll character and mock gravity he gave to it. His "Deo gratias," with the low shake, was truly irresistible. The music, generally speaking, does not rise higher in our estimation than that of the *Crown Diamonds*; it is not a *grand* opera. Some of the music is pretty and well instrumented, but there is nothing great or grand about it. The overture appeared to us a thing of shreds and patches, strung together without any apparent connexion either with each other or the story to which it should have been the prelude—the change of time and key most abrupt and uncalled for. The trio in the first scene is rather nice, where Horace is feigning sleep on the sofa, and was nicely given by Madlles. Charton and Guichard, and M. Lac. Many of the songs and other vocalities are very rapid, set to music more like dance music or vocal exercises, than anything else; in fact, one air is sung with a castanet accompaniment, (and very pretty it is as given by Madlle. Charton) that is the Arragonese rondo in the second act, "La belle Inès." A chorus of male voices occur in the earlier part of the same scene "Réveillons!" that reminded us of the Hungarian polka. Then how rapid is the utterance required in the aria *d'agilità*, "Ah! quell nuit!" in which Angèle (Madlle. Charton) gives an account of her mishaps in her night rambles back to the convent. All was very distinct from Madlle. Charton, with at times great archness and grace; for instance, where she talks of the student *taking* two kisses, tho' *demanding* but one. The cavatina or adagio at the close "Amour ô toi," was given with much feeling. Madlle. Charton pleases us by her natural unaffected expression; also, that with her fluent execution she is so sparing in her ornaments, and places them so judiciously; she was much applauded in this her principal song. She was encored with M. Lac in the duet at the close of the first act, "N'entendez-vous pas," and would have been encored more frequently but for consideration of her arduous part. Mons. Lac pleased us much by the expression he gave to the solo, (accompanied by the organ and chorus of many behind the scenes) "C'est elle encor!" particularly the line—

"Filles du ciel, priez un pauvre insensé."

Of the rest there is little to be said, musically speaking; there was the same attention to dress and completeness as before, and the acting very good. The French company took the audience somewhat by surprise. Between the first and second acts of the opera, the curtain rose, displaying the whole of them assembled on the stage; for a moment we were quite at a loss; but M. Hansen's baton fell, the first bar of "God save the Queen" commenced, and all was accounted for; it was the day Her Majesty's birthday was kept. The compliment was duly acknowledged, and warmly responded to; the anthem was very fairly sung, Madlle. Guichard taking the first verse, M. Lac the second (Her Majesty's English bothered him, and *he it* most desperately); of course, Madlle. Charton gave the last, and she gave it with good emphasis and great force, the audience joining freely in the chorus; it was a pleasing episode, and the whole company being foreigners, it told well. The usual recalls were made at the close of the opera, but there were no bouquets. On Friday night, as we anticipated, there was an excellent house, by far the best of the three, to see the popular *Fra Diavolo*. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* of the following day (Saturday), makes the (to us) somewhat startling announcement, that "it was certainly the least successful of the three performances, on the whole; when compared with the others, it was tame and ineffective." Anything more contrary to the fact than this statement we have not lately seen in print, and we notice it, because in general these articles of the *Guardian* have been tolerably accurate, and at times very cleverly written ("Sigma" no longer does the operative critiques in this paper). We fearlessly assert, on the contrary, that it was far the best performance of the three in every sense of the word. We have already stated, in the first place, that there was a better house, the dress-circle was fuller, the pit was fuller, the gallery must have had five times the number it had on either of the other nights, and the upper circle had at least three times as many. The overture was infinitely better music, and right well played by Mr. Seymour and his small but excellent orchestra. The libretto is far more probable and interesting than either of M. Scribe's other two operas; there is the same pattern of an English lord as in *Le Domino Noir* (with his English lady in addition), which, of course, is strongly caricatured; but have we not caricatured the French in our *Mons. Tonsons*, &c.? The music is all through of a much higher aim and character, to say nothing of its lovely and popular melodies; it is evidently written more with a view to the character and intention of the scenes and persons to which it is distributed. The instrumental accompaniments are much fuller, and the interest throughout, both musically and dramatically, never flags. The opera opens spiritedly with the chorus of carabineers, which was well sung, "En bons militaires." The duet betwixt Milord and Milady Kockbourg was very effective, "Je voulais bien," from the good acting and careful singing of Madlle. Guichard and M. Chateaufort. The latter makes an admirable Englishman; his dress, his look, his difficulties about his French, the English oath (made one word of in the libretto, "Goddam," and his gentlemanly, easy air on the stage, make his embodiment of this character truly perfect—(how much is lost of the humour of this part in the English version, where Milord Allcash becomes a buffoon?)—the whole house was convulsed almost with laughter, whenever he was on the stage. The beautiful quintet, which begins sotto voce and staccato—"Que vois je? c'est elle?" where the pretended Marquis first appears, was as fine a bit of concerted, vocal music, as we have listened to in a theatre for a long time; the flowing part, given alternately by Zerlina (Madlle. Charton), *Fra Diavolo* (Mons. Lac), was most beautiful; and Mons. Buguet's bass voice was of great service in sustaining the harmony. The encore was unanimous, and it was repeated with the same charming effect. Madlle. Charton next delighted the audience in "Voyez, sur cette roche, ce brave,"—so well known in the English, "On yonder rock reclining;" the expression she threw with this lovely air was admirable. The interest and bustle at the inn is well kept up by the mock marquis, and his two ruffian confederates; and the finale to the first act is full of incident and mystery. The chorus were not quite so steady here as usual. In the opening scene of the second act, Madlle. Charton introduced a very brilliant aria—said to be "Le Rossignol"—whatever it was, or whoever it was composed by, we never listened to such a display of voice and instrument together, as was given in this song by

Madlle. Charton and her wonderfully clever obligato accompanist on the flute, Mons. Demeur (said to be her husband, but that Charton being the name by which she has acquired a deserved celebrity, she retains her maiden name as a "Nom du Théâtre"). It was a splendid and a perfect performance; the succession of shakes, one above the other, at the close, was most astonishingly perfect, both by voice and flute. The theatre fairly rang again with plaudits. We have not heard such a furore since Jenny Lind's flute trio; the applause continued until Madlle. Charton began again in spite of the cries of "No!" and "Shame!" from the more considerate part of the audience, and she gave it a second time, and Mons. Demeur his accompaniment, as if it was no trouble or exertion to either of them. The succeeding trio, by Milord, Milady, and Zerlina, went exceedingly well, too; Madlle. Charton taking her part as if she had not been the cause of such a furore the moment before. Mons. Chateaufort acquitted himself in his singing much better in this opera than either of the preceding two; he is an excellent actor always. Mons. Lac gave with great expression the Barcarolle "Agnès la jeune fille;" he wants both power and compass, but he ekes out the latter in the higher notes by a judicious use of the falsetto. The bedroom scene was very neatly, modestly, and cleverly managed, by Madlle. Charton. The by play of the concealed Marquis and his robbers was very good, as was also the bustling finale to the second act.

The third act opens with the well known "Je vois marcher" ("Proudly and wide" in the English version). We were afraid this would be beyond M. Lac's power to give effect to; he did much better than we anticipated; and in the descriptive portion (the rondo), his talents as an actor assisted in giving it effect. The Palm Sunday Chorus, "C'est aujourd'hui Pâques fleuries!" reminded us of the opening chorus in *Semiramide*, where the voices respond to each other in a sort of double chorus; it went very well, saving that it was deficient in strength. M. Lac had a beautiful dress, but scarcely brigand enough in appearance. His velvet jacket and trunks, his silk stockings and gold cloak, looked more like Figaro than Fra Diavolo. Messrs. Josset and Devaux were low brigands to the life, both in dress and action. Altogether, it is generally allowed (by the writers in the *Courier* and the *Examiner* also), that this was not only the most effective of the three operas, but the best performance of *Fra Diavolo* ever given in Manchester. Madlle. Charton took her benefit on Saturday, when the *Crown Diamonds* was repeated; but we were not able to be present. We understand that there was a good house, and an excellent performance.

You must excuse this long notice, Mr. Editor; we fear it will be a long time before there will be a chance of such a communication again, and that we must bid a long farewell to opera!

The Theatre Royal is open every night this Whitsun-week (our race week), with Miss Helen Faucit. She is giving a round of six of her principal characters.

#### MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

MR. MITCHELL'S *Opera Comique* Company have this week, for the third time, enlivened this city with their performances, for the first of which, Herold's *Zampa* has been selected. To this opera we shall, for the present, confine ourselves, deferring, until next week, our report upon the *Caid*.

Were we called upon to select an opera capable of giving pleasure alike to the mere untutored lover of music, the profound and analytic harmonist, or to (and possibly the best judge of the three) the moderately skilled dilettante, who looks not so much to causes as to effects, and whose opinion is influenced more by *couleur locale*, and poetic association than by actual "science," we should unhesitatingly select *Zampa*. From the overture (than which no piece of orchestral music is more popular or more frequently performed in any country), to the prayer, with which the opera concludes, this production is one long succession of exquisite melody—by turns ravishing, reckless, piquante, and sublime. As a proof of the versatile nature of Herold's genius, it would only be necessary to select two duets from this opera—the *buffo* one, between Daniel and Ritta, which deserves to rank among the happiest specimens of comic music ever written, and that between Camille and

Alphonso, the *adagio* of which is the most undulating and "love-lorn" *motivo* ever allotted to two lovers.

Mademoiselle Charton, both as vocalist and actress, was fully worthy of the music and part entrusted to her. It requires no less than this lady's beauty and graceful presence to give probability to the irresistible and headlong passion conceived for Camille by *Zampa*. In every respect Herold himself could not have desired a more admirable interpreter of his music.

Monsieur Lac was by no means equal to the part of *Zampa*, which requires far greater dramatic and vocal capabilities than are ever likely to be possessed by this gentleman. His dressing of the part, too, was comic in the extreme—being, apparently, intended for something between Sir Philip Sydney and Sir Walter Raleigh.

We must not omit a word of praise for Madlle. Guichard, as the soubrette Ritta; her singing and acting in the *buffo* duet, before adverted to, were highly commendable. Mons. Soyser was very satisfactory as Daniel. His second costume, exhibiting a sailor's notion of a nobleman's dress and demeanour, drew forth a shout of laughter from the audience.

It would be extremely unjust to pass over in silence the impersonator of the Statue: so still and motionless did this individual remain, that until the momentary animation of the *Fiancée de Marbre*, at the end of the 1st act, we felt convinced that the statue was a "dummy." Anything more stony has not existed since the days of Pygmalion. The name of this petrification we understood to be Mons. Eugène.

The choruses and concerted pieces went extremely well, and the orchestra was more than respectable. We regret, however, to say, that our townsmen were rather behind hand in their appreciation of this performance, upon which, singular enough, they did not bestow the same hearty commendation that has attended the representation of the French Operas performed here.

The Festival Choral Society met, for the first time since their departure from the old Music Hall, on Friday evening, at the Collegiate Institution, and all must have felt it a great change for the better. When the suddenness of the movement is taken into account, we think it a very creditable performance (as we believe the society rehearsed elsewhere, never having tried the hall till the night in question) and several matters in the arrangements which might have been better, will doubtless be set to rights before another public night. The programme embraced Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," and Handel's "Jubilate." The band was much improved, only we do wish the trombones would moderate their exertions; several times we really could hardly distinguish anything but their perpetual roaring; the performer's lungs must be made of cast-iron or brass to stand such tearing work. Why does not Mr. Holden curb their virtuous but over-straining zeal? The flute was in good hands, so were the clarinet and oboes. The strings were better than we have very often heard them at the meetings of this society, and Mr. Charles Hermann led with much spirit. The chorus was very creditable, the tenors "barked" rather too much at times, but on the whole, though the body lacks the light and shade so much required by a choral body which aims at perfection, the effect they produced on Thursday in the hall was superior to what they generally led us to believe they were capable of, while their performances were given in that shockingly bad room in Bold Street. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Holden, Mrs. McDougall, Mr. George Holden, Jun., alto (who did not please us,) Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong. The ladies acquitted themselves very well, as did the two last-mentioned gentlemen. Mr. Armstrong had nothing to do in the first part, but executed all he had to sing in the second portion of the programme carefully. Mr. Holden conducted as usual, and Mr. Richardson filled his post at the organ with ability.

We should not be doing justice to the subscribers to the Choral Society if we omitted to record the good example they set to the generality of the frequenters of concerts in Liverpool—musical audiences we will not call them. Instead of imitating their superiors, by following the rude and senseless plan of talking, which many are in the habit of doing during the performances of the Philharmonic Concerts, to the annoyance of every one around them, as though the occupancy of a stall rendered them totally independent of every one; licenced, as it were, to buz their commonplace small talk in tones loud enough to interfere with their



neighbour's enjoyment of the performances,—instead of this, our readers might have heard a pin drop, so far as the audience of Thursday were concerned; and, in place of an array of nearly empty benches honouring the performance of the last piece, as is usual elsewhere, we believe we exceed the number if we say twelve persons left the room, late though it was, before the last chords were struck. We adhere to our oft-repeated opinion, that a two and three shilling audience is the discriminating portion of our local musical attendants; would it were otherwise; may it soon be changed; and the pecuniary betterers of our concert goers, take a lesson in manners and real sense from those who have lighter purses than themselves.

## MUSIC IN SUNDERLAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is a long time since I last lifted up my voice in your paper, and I scarcely know whether I may venture to address you again in that free and familiar style I was wont to do when I was one of your "own." Things have changed with me, Mr. Editor, and I have been obliged to hoist another flag, and sail for a time in foreign seas; but the heart is still the same, and the first thing I do, on setting my foot once more upon old England's verdant soil, is to inquire after my old friends, among which you and your paper stand foremost. It almost appears an age to me since I have had a sight of the *Musical World*—that great emporium of talent and wit—that repository of knowledge and battle-field of rival geniuses? How are you all going on, Mr. Editor? Does Macfarren still pursue his musical anatomy, or has he done with Beethoven's symphonies? Is your Manchester correspondent still wielding his clever pen? Is Desmond Ryan still alive? Has there been any row going on between Flowers, the cadence-maker, John Barnett, the fire-eater, Aspull, the eloquent, Molineux the Liverpoolian trump, and that incomprehensible being, the meek and "innocent" Teutonus? How I long to see their dear names once more, and all others that used to figure in your columns. Do you be sure, dear sir, send me a paper next Saturday, that I may once more wile away a Sunday's dull morning over its contents; and, that there may be no mistake, I take the precaution of enclosing four royal heads on sticking-paper, lest you might have struck my name from your fall list as one dead and gone for ever. If, however, you should object to taking payment from an old friend—as I hope you will—only send back the stamps, and old Anthony Windpipe shall never offend you again by offering vile cash instead of honest thanks for acts of friendship.

Well, as I was going to say—at least I think I was—did you ever hear of such a place as Sunderland, Mr. Editor? If you did not, you would have done so very shortly, and, had it not been for me, at your own cost. I am going to explain. Having arrived at Hull a few days ago, with the intention of taking a trip through the North of England and Scotland, I first visited York, to have a peep at its old Minster, and the fine organ therein, and then proceeded to Newcastle, where I all at once recollected that I had an old friend and schoolfellow living not more than ten miles off, who might, perhaps, be as glad to see me as I should be to meet him. I never forget old friends, Mr. Editor, and the sight of one of them is such a pleasure to me that I don't mind, old as I am, even walking a few miles out of my way for the gratification of this. I hope, not blameable fancy of mine. In this case, however, I had only to slip into a railway carriage to be whirled down to Sunderland in half an hour. My friend was not a little surprised, and still more pleased, to see me; and we had scarcely finished the first bottle of port—you understand, after dinner, I mean—when he had already succeeded in exacting from me a solemn promise that I would stay with him at least a month. When I got sober—that is to say, when the first excitement of the meeting had cooled down—the enormity of my rash promise began to frighten me. I had returned to England with the express purpose of roaming about from place to place, in order to breathe the refreshing spring airs of England's green fields, and to restore the lost equilibrium of the middle parts of my old body. And now I was to sit for a whole month with an old bachelor like myself, shut up in a little back-room (modelled and furnished after the fashion of a ship's cabin), and obliged to listen to long sea-yarns, or laugh at nautical 'okes, the points of which I could not catch. I saw a dreary life

before me, and I sighed; I tried to back out of my promise; I found suddenly, that I had most pressing engagements somewhere else; but Captain Wilson said, "No skulking, sir; a word is a word, and stay you must till your time is up." "But I suppose there is not much to be seen in this place," I asked, meekly. "What, boy! nothing to be seen in Sunderland! why there's enough to occupy you a whole year. It's a wonderful place, this Sunderland; a little London, sir. There's first the new docks, then the many shipyards, all full of life and activity; then there's the new light-house, which we wheeled from one side of the harbour to the other, without shifting a timber" ("a brick or stone," he meant), "and the high bridge over the river. There's also the deepest pit in the world, and a curious sort of place they say it is, although I was never in it;—talk of nothing to see in this place, d—mme!" (I am sorry to say, my friend occasionally swears.) "This very morning we launched a brig from Jones's yard, as fine a piece of timber as ever floated on the sea. You shall see her to-morrow morning." "Is there any literary or scientific institutions in this place?" I asked. "Yes, they've got what we call an Athenæum here; and, by the bye, as you are such an old fellow for singing, fiddling, and organ-playing, they have handed me a bill of a concert which is to be given there. I have got it somewhere in my pocket; but they couldn't board me with a ticket; had I known you were coming, I should have taken one." "Out with this bill," I cried, and after some fumbling amongst bits of old twine, pieces of canvas, and a multitude of incongruous articles, Captain Wilson drew forth from the unfathomable depth of his pocket a crumpled sheet of paper printed on one side. I grasped at it, unfolded it, and read—you can imagine with what delight—

"The Committee of the Bishopwearmouth Choral Society respectfully announce, that their last

## GRAND CONCERT

For the present Season will be given

In the *Athenæum*, on Monday Evening, April 29.

Principal Vocalists: Miss Grant, Miss Brown, and Mr. Ferry.

Pianist and Conductor: Mr. H. Hills.

&amp;c. &amp;c.

"Well," I exclaimed, "that's something, any how. Who should have thought it? A Choral Society here, and regular 'Grand Concerts' during the season. For my sake my friend was almost as glad as I, and not a little proud at having pleased me with this unexpected increase of attractions in his native place. He got me a ticket that very night, and the next morning—it was Sunday—I went to Bishopwearmouth Church, to hear the conductor of the concert play the organ. He did not please me very much; his playing was all in the florid style; but, thought I, the gentleman is a pianist; probably he will be quite another man to-morrow night. One thing in the service of this church, however, pleased me uncommonly: I found here the old *turbator chori* (Anglice, choir devil) resuscitated. Our forefathers were aware, as well as we are, that the devil hates, above all, the sound of pure and pious harmony; and that wherever the glorious choirs of the blessed angels raise their voices in songs of praise, he endeavours to spoil or drown the heavenly strains by all sorts of hellish music, and stirs up his damned companions to shouts of scorn and blasphemy. It was the office of the *turbator chori* to imitate the devil, scream and squeak when the hymns and anthems of the choir sounded most delightfully; and the effect of this combination of sound is said to have been most curious and beautiful, so much so, that the blessed angels themselves could scarcely help weeping at such a spectacle of piety and devotion. The choir-devil has been abolished, to the great injury of the service; only here and there one has continued to raise his voice by sufferance; but, thanks to God, we are now gradually returning to the good old time, when the church was what it ought to be; and I cannot help expressing my satisfaction and gratification at the fact of seeing one of the most pious customs of the church—the presence of a *turbator chori* restored. In the church I speak of, they have revived it as an improved plan, inasmuch as they employ a whole set of choir-devils instead of one, and do not pay them, but make it a work of love, as it ought to be. They have placed the children of the Sunday-school below the organ loft, and the little creatures—who must have been well trained—acquit themselves to perfection.

I could not help admiring the manner in which they



spoiled the chanting, by being always a bar behind the congregation; nor should I ever have thought it possible that a number of boys and girls, provided with the usual organs of hearing, could have been brought to sing constantly a semitone below the real pitch, in spite of a powerful organ and a not-detonating congregation. The thing was quite marvellous to me, but the effect was so sublime, that I shall not easily forget it; and I hope that some of your Christian readers in authority—organists, for instance—will not let this hint pass unnoticed.

Now, I was going to say something about the concert, but I perceive that my letter has already exceeded the usual length; so I will break off here, and continue my communication next week—that is to say, if you will insert it, and do not forget to send me a paper.

ANTHONY WINDPIPE.

#### THE CHORAL FUND AND THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETIES.

THE following letter has been addressed to us, on a subject not without interest, since music and charity are jointly implicated:—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"Strand, May 18th, 1850.

SIR,—On reading *The Daily News* this morning, respecting the Benefit Concert of the above Society, which took place last evening at Exeter Hall, I was struck by one remark. The paragraph states that the concert was "*creditable*"—a fact undoubted by the amount of applause elicited from the audience after each song and chorus. Yet it asks "Why is not this done by the Sacred Harmonic Society?"—meaning "*they alone can do it.*" I ask—Why the remark? Is not Mr. Benedict as able to conduct as Mr. Costa? and the major portion of the chorus of one society belongs to the other. Then, I say, what difference could there be? Yet, I would say, why did not the Sacred Harmonic Society, when applied to first, "sing for this charity?" (I enclose you a copy of the correspondence.) The fact was, one or two of the committee could not have the same despotic sway in the management of this concert as with their own, and suffered their pride to get the better of their judgment in refusing to aid one of the most noble and benevolent institutions for the relief of aged and afflicted musicians. In a case like this, it is a disgrace to any society to allow party feeling to spring up and interfere with an object of charity.

I fancy your excellent journal is free of all party spirit, and therefore trust you will give room for its insertion.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FAIR PLAY.

The correspondence alluded to by "Fair Play," whose benevolence is more remarkable than his English, is subjoined:—

"Dean-street, Soho, March 16th, 1850.

"GENTLEMEN,—The concert committee of the Choral Fund beg to inform you that they intend giving two performances at Exeter Hall of Haydn's *Seasons*, on the 17th and 31st of May next, under the conductorship of Jules Benedict, Esq. This change of getting up their annual benefit concert has been necessitated by frequent losses for years past, and increased expenses for widows and orphans. In selecting for this year's performance a work which, from its mixed character, is excluded from the *répertoire* of your Society, the concert committee hope to obtain from you that assistance and co-operation which will be alike beneficial to us and honourable to yourselves, by assisting a deserving charity. It is, therefore, with confidence in your sympathy with our cause, we are induced to request the gratuitous use of your organ for these two performances, and your kind aid by a selection of about sixty vocal performers from each part of those best capable of doing justice to the oratorio.—Hoping for a favourable answer to our request, we remain, yours respectfully, the Concert Committee,

"CHARLES TETT, Sec.

"To the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society."

"Sacred Harmonic Society, 6, Exeter Hall, April 8th, 1850.

"SIR,—The absence from London and subsequent severe illness of Mr. Brewer preventing his attending to business, I am requested to reply to your letter of the 16th of March. The committee of

the Sacred Harmonic Society have taken into their consideration the application of the concert committee of the Choral Fund, for the gratuitous use of the organ in Exeter Hall, and for the assistance of sixty of the best from each department of the Society's chorus, at two performances of Haydn's *Seasons* it is proposed to give at Exeter Hall on the 17th and 31st of May, the proceeds arising from which, it is hoped, will be beneficial to the fund. I am instructed, in reply, to inform you, that, after careful attention to the circumstances of the case, the Committee deem it incumbent upon them to decline acquiescence in either of these requests. At the same time, the committee desire to express their wish for the prosperity of any institution devoted to the relief of those who have been employed in the execution of the works of the great choral writers—a sentiment which is cordially participated in by, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBT. BOWLEY.

"Mr. C. TETT, Sec. Choral Fund."

A similar application was made to the committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, requesting the use of their orchestra and the same number of vocal performers, to which the following reply was received:—

"Rectory, Limehouse, March 23rd, 1850.

"SIR,—Your letter of the 16th of March was laid before the committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, at our meeting last evening, and I have the satisfaction of informing you that the committee were unanimous in their feeling that we should assist, to the utmost of our power, in furthering the cause of your most excellent charity. Our orchestra will be placed at your service gratuitously, and we will endeavour to select the number of vocal performers you think requisite for doing justice to the *Seasons*. And I may add, that we are most anxious, in every way, to co-operate with the concert committee of the Choral Fund, especially in a performance under the conductorship of Mr. Benedict.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE ROBERTS, Pres. L. S. H. S.

"CHARLES TETT, Esq., Sec. Choral Fund."

Thus it would appear upon the face of these minutes that of the two societies devoted to the cultivation of sacred choral music, the youngest, "The London Sacred," is the more inclined to charity. We have no great faith in charity that begins at Exeter Hall. There is too much spouting and ranting in that notorious temple of puritanism to leave room for any of the feelings that spring from the heart. Our reading of the whole matter under hand, is therefore *sic*:—The Sacred Harmonic Society found it inconvenient to accord the Choral Fund what the choral Fund demanded, and so, "making no bones," candidly declined. The London Sacred Harmonic Society, the younger institution, and naturally prone to take hold of any means of securing popularity, and wisely concluding that in the eyes of the human race (nineteenths of whom are blind to all the secret springs of action) it would be regarded as a popular and magnanimous step, threw themselves into the arms of Mr. Tett, and placed their "fifties" at his disposal. But by a diver into the depths of the human breast, the real motives of all this display of generosity may be seen at the bottom, disposed in irregular rows, like precious stones. After all, to adopt another view of the subject, we are inclined to think that the Sacred Harmonic Society, in refusing its organ, showed more real charity than the London Sacred Harmonic in granting its orchestra and chorus.

We have done our best, however, to place the matter clearly before the world. Let those that are interested in the matter read the letter of "Fair Play," and the correspondence that ensues, and judge for themselves. What we have said is hardly worth consideration; but we have no time to scratch it out.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

PIATTI.—This celebrated violoncellist has been nominated Professor of the Conservatoire of Milan.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' concert will take place on Friday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mr. B. Richards, among other performances, will perform, with Messrs. Piatti, H. C. Cooper, and Hill, a MS. quartet by G. A. Macfarren, the last movement of which has been expressly arranged for this concert.

MADAME PUZZI.—The annual concert of this accomplished professor of the vocal art took place on Monday morning in the music room of Her Majesty's Theatre, and was attended by a brilliant display of rank and fashion. As usual, Madame Puzzi's programme was enriched by the names of all the artists of Mr. Lumley's powerful company, at the head of whom was Madame Sontag, who sang an air by Lachner, with a violoncello *obligato*, beautifully played by Signor Piatti, and the celebrated variations of Adolphe Adam, on the old French air, "Ah vous dirai-je, Maman?" The latter, introduced by Madame Sontag for the first time in this country, was a wonderful display of voluble execution and expressive singing. The air was delivered with touching simplicity, and the variations rendered with exquisite neatness and grace. M. Remusat played the flute *obligato*, an important element in the variations, with masterly finish. Madame Sontag was encored in both these airs, in which she was admirably accompanied by Mr. Balfe. It is impossible to enter into details about the remainder of the programme. The performances of Signor Puzzi on the horn, nevertheless, demand a special notice. This gentleman was one of the first to establish the horn as a favorite solo instrument in England. In his day, long before the acoustic marvels of Vivier had doubled the resources of the instrument, Signor Puzzi was unrivalled, and at this moment he possesses a sweetness of tone and a method of pleasing peculiarly his own, both of which he exemplified to favorable advantage in a *melodie* of Masini, and the barcarole from Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*. Signor Puzzi had some difficulty in accommodating his pitch to that of the pianoforte, which was a quarter of a tone too high, but the manner in which he accomplished it showed his perfect knowledge of the peculiarities of the horn. M. Thalberg played his *Don Giovanni* fantasia in superb style, and being encored, substituted a part of his *Don Pasquale*. A Mr. Gerhard Taylor executed some very singular variations on the harp in a very original manner; and an endless catalogue of popular vocal *morceaux*, by Mesdemoiselles Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani, Ida Bertrand, Madame F. Lablache, Signors Bucare, Calzolari, Coletti, Belletti, Lablache, F. Lablache, and Lorenzo, completed the concert, which, to judge by the warmth of the applause, and the many encores, gave the fullest satisfaction to the audience. Mr. Balfe presided at the pianoforte, and was assisted by Signors F. Ronconi, Pilotti, Biletta, and Schira.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Hullah gave a grand performance on Wednesday night, in the large room of his new hall, which was very fully attended. There was a grand orchestra, and the usual numerous choral phalanx from the members of the first upper singing school. The programme was classical and interesting, but, containing nothing new, demands no special notice. The first part included Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* (the English version, "Praise Jehovah"), which Mr. Hullah, to whom the score was presented by the composer, as a mark of esteem, was the first to introduce in this country; and Beethoven's second symphony in D. The solo voice parts in the *cantata* were allotted to Miss Deakin, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. W. H. Seguin. The second part began with Mr. Henry Leslie's festival anthem, "Let God arise," of which we had the pleasure to speak in terms of high favor when it was first played under Mr. Hullah's direction, at the opening of the great room in St. Martin's Hall. Although, on the whole, the execution was not so satisfactory as on the previous occasion, a second hearing impressed us still more strongly in favour of Mr. Leslie's anthem, which is certainly one of the most remarkable choral works from the pen of an English composer. It is satisfactory to find our young musicians engaged in essays of this lofty character; and had Mr. Leslie failed, the attempt itself would have been honourable; but success has fully justified his ambition. The chief defects in the execution last night were with the chorus, which seems to be falling into a habit of dragging the time of every movement, so hard to be avoided in large bodies of singers. In the second part of the impressive chorus, "The Lord gave the word," at the passage, "Kings with their armies did flee," the

composer's idea, which is clear enough, was lost in confusion. We fear Mr. Hullah must often experience the difficulty almost inseparable from amateur associations—that of obtaining proper rehearsals at stated times. The solo parts of the anthem were admirably sustained by Miss Deakin and Mr. Lockey. Miss Deakin, a pupil of Mrs. Alfred Shaw, has a *soprano* voice of excellent quality, and bids fair to rise to a high rank among our professional singers. She obtained an *encore* for the effective solo, "But let the righteous be glad," which her bold and animated style of singing well deserved. The anthem was honoured by the greatest applause throughout. Mr. Hullah conducted with his usual decision and intelligence. The concert concluded with a selection from *Obéron*.

CHORAL FUND.—We regret that Exeter Hall was but moderately filled at the concert for this charity on yesterday se'nnight. The performance was Haydn's "Seasons," conducted by Mr. Benedict, the vocalists being Miss Birch, and Messrs. Phillips and Lockey. Miss Birch sung throughout as if her task had been "a labour of love." The gems of her performance were the little cavatina, "Nature sinks" (the only fault of which is its brevity); and the popular song, "There was a squire." The former was given with charming simplicity; and the latter with so much archness as to obtain an *encore*. Miss Birch was ably supported by Messrs. Lockey and Phillips.

CREMORNE.—This popular place of amusement opened for the season on Monday last, under the direction of Mr. T. B. Simpson.

MR. G. A. OSBORNE'S third *matinée musicale* took place on Thursday, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor for piano, violin, and violoncello. The performers were Mr. Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti. The trio was splendidly played. Mr. Osborne both read and executed Mendelssohn's music admirably. Miss Catherine Hayes sang Mozart's "Voi che sapete" with infinite grace and expression, and received the warmest congratulations of the audience. Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for piano and violin, an early work of the composer, was played to perfection by Osborne and Ernst. A duo for pianoforte and violoncello, by Osborne, first time of performance, was rendered by the composer and Piatti with immense spirit. The first movement is an air *varié*; the variations are ingenious and melodious. The second movement is a rondo, sparkling and brilliant, and exceedingly quaint. A very pretty ballad by Mrs. Mackinlay, called "Remember thee! yes, Love, for ever," sung by Miss Catherine Hayes, was a capital specimen of pure and unaffected ballad singing. Mr. Osborne's trio in A, for piano, violin, and violoncello, well known as the composer's masterpiece, went off with great *clat* in the hands of Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti. The *matinée* concluded with a brilliant performance by Mr. Osborne of his "Romance sans paroles," a composition highly characteristic and effective. The concert was excellent in every respect, and tended to the gratification of a numerous and attentive audience.

HALIFAX PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—This new society commenced its concerts for the present season with great *clat*. Since the visit of Jullien's band never has there been a finer than that which filled the orchestra on Tuesday last. The instrumental pieces performed were the *Adagio* and *Allegro* in Mozart's symphony in E flat, the overtures to *Zampa* and *William Tell*, Haydn's *Surprise*, and Weber's *Jubilee* overture. Of these, the *Surprise* and Herold's overture were best appreciated. In the duet (pianoforte and violin) played by Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Haddock, of Bradford, the latter performer exhibited a quiet even ability in the old school of violin playing. His tone, however, was somewhat thin, and his playing was scarcely a match for the spirited pianoforte playing of Mr. Frobisher. Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Ryalls furnished the vocal relief of the evening's performances; but the music selected was by no means so attractive as at the preliminary concert given in the same room three weeks ago. Each vocalist had a piece from Donizetti, and (as on the former occasion) their duets were all by English composers. But the best song sung by Mrs. Sunderland was Barnett's "I saw him on the mountain," which was worthily encored; and an *encore* to a semi-comic song of Lover's enabled Mr. Ryalls to introduce a better song (albeit an older), Carey's ballad, "Sally in our alley." The attendance in the front seats was excellent, but there was much room for improvement in the back seats and gallery.—*Halifax Paper*.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—A grand performance will be given on Monday evening for the benefit of Messrs. G. A. Macfarren and E. Loder. The entertainments consist of the first act of *King Charles II.*, the second act of the *Night Dancers*, a miscellaneous concert, and a farce. In the concert Ernst and Kate Loder will perform, and Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Catherine Hayes will sing. The whole vocal strength of the Princess's Theatre will be employed in the operatic selection.

**BATH.**—Miss Ley's morning concert took place on Wednesday morning, May 8th, at the Assembly Rooms. The programme opened with Beethoven's grand trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, admirably performed by Messrs. Jaques, Ernst, and Hausmann. This was unquestionably the gem of the concert, and was played amidst the breathless attention of a delighted audience, and received with tokens of the most cordial approbation. Miss Ley sang two solos, besides assisting in the concerted pieces. In her rendering of the air from *La Clemenza di Tito*, we were much gratified with the manifestations which she displayed of a highly-cultivated musical faculty. Miss Ley was also listened to with much pleasure in a German song by Kreutzer, with violoncello accompaniment, and took part with Mrs. Millar in the ballad, "Sweet sister fay," and in the trio, "Ti prego," by Curschman. Mrs. Millar was heartily applauded in Costa's aria, "Stanza di piu." Mr. Millar also rendered valuable aid. The great attraction of the concert was, of course, Herr Ernst, the violinist. We believe few went from the room without paying a tribute of admiration to the wondrous facility and skill displayed by this celebrated performer. To us it appeared that he possessed every excellence. His facility and clearness in the execution of the most rapid and difficult passages was astonishing, even to those who had heard the first artists on that difficult instrument. He has also another merit, which is not always to be found among the violinists—he depends entirely on the legitimate resources of his art; there is no leger-demain or clap-trap in his performance. He excels equally in the *allegro* and the *andante*, and aims less at astonishing than at pleasing his auditory. He certainly has succeeded in attaining a brilliance and a dashing rapidity which excite the organ of wonder in no mean degree. Herr Hausmann, the talented professor of the violoncello, was, as usual, a general favourite, from his manifest talent and his unassuming manner. His new fantasia on British airs was a very pleasing piece of instrumentation, extracted by the hand of a master from a most difficult and untractable instrument. It consisted entirely of well-known airs, with variations, and formed a good specimen of what a good solo intended for popular ears ought to be. Mr. George Field presided with his accustomed ability.—*Bath Gazette*, May 15.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The notices of several Concerts and other matters are unavoidably postponed till next week.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on  
**THE ART OF SINGING,**  
Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at  
his Residence,  
**71, UPPER NORTON STREET;**  
And at all the principal Musicians.

##### MADAME VERDAVAINNE,

**PROFESSOR** of the Pianoforte and Guitar, has the honor to inform her Patrons, her Friends, and Pupils, that she resides at  
**No. 4, OLD CAVENDISH STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.**  
Tuition at home and abroad.

##### NEW PIANO MUSIC.

**GRAND MARCH OF THE 'PROTECTIONIST'**—Dedicated to LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P., and the Farmers of England, by JAMES DACE.—Price 2s.

London: WESSEL AND CO., 229, Regent Street;  
and may be had of all music and booksellers.

#### BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

**M. SCIPION ROUSSELOT** respectfully announces that the Fourth Exclusive Performance of HERR ERNST AT THESE QUARTET PARTIES will take place on WEDNESDAY, May 29th, at 27, Queen Ann-street, at Eight o'clock.

Quartets: Haydn, No. 79, in D major; Mendelssohn, No. 4, in E minor; Beethoven, No. 7, in F major, and the Grand Sonata in C sharp minor for Pianoforte.

Executants—Messrs. ERNST, H. C. COOPER, H. HILL, S. ROUSSELOT, and LINDSAY SLOPER.

Names will be received at Messrs. ROUSSELOT and ARBANS, 66 Conduit-street, Regent-street.

#### MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

**BEGS** to announce that his Concert will take place on FRIDAY EVENING, May 31st, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, and His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Miss Messent, Miss Owen, and Madame Macfarren; Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Harrison, W. H. Seguin, Marchesi, and H. Drayton.

Instrumentalists:—Messrs. Piatti, H. C. Cooper, Hill, Mount, and Brinley Richards, who will perform a (MS) Quartet, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the last movement of which has been re-arranged expressly for this Concert.

Mr. Richards will also perform Selections from Bach and Handel; and also a Concertante Duet with Mr. Benedict.

Conductors . . . Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER.

Single Tickets, 7s. each; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. To be had of all music-sellers; and of Mr. Richards, at 31, New Bond Street.

#### MADLLE. COULON

**HAS** the honour to announce that her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY, June 3rd, to commence at Two o'clock precisely; on which occasion she will be assisted by the following celebrated artists:—

Vocalists:—Mesdames Birch, Nau, E. Birch, Graumann; Messrs. Stigelli de Besnier, Burdini, and Marchesi.

Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madlle. Coulon; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Violin, M. Sainton; Flute, M. Briccialdi; Violoncello, M. Rousselet; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; Oboe, M. Barret; Bassoon, M. Baumann.

Conductors . . . Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER.

Stalls and Tickets may be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Madlle. Coulon, 48, Great Marlborough Street.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

**M. BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT,**

Under the immediate Patronage of Her Majesty THE QUEEN,  
H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and  
their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

**MR. BENEDICT** begs respectfully to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on THE STAGE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 21st, 1850, with the entire Chorus and Orchestra, on which occasion he will be supported by all the eminent artists of that establishment, including—Mesdames Sontag, Frezzolini, Parodi, Giuliani, Ida Bertrand, Miss Catherine Hayes, Signori Gardoni, Calzolari, Baucarde, Coletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and Lablache, under the direction of Mr. Balfe. Piano, Messrs. Hallé, Osborne, Lindsay Sloper, and Benedict; Violin, Messrs. Ernst and Molique; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; and French Horn, M. Vivier. Engagements with other distinguished artists are pending.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes, Two, Three, and Four Guineas; Pit Stalls, £1 1s.; Pit Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Application for Boxes, &c., to be made at the principal libraries, music warehouses, the Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

Just Published.

#### "THE BUSY BEE POLKA."

**THE BUSY BEE POLKA** is Now Ready for delivery by the Dozen or Single Copy.

WESSEL AND CO., 229, Regent Street;  
where may be had

"THE TWIN POLKAS."

Also now performing nightly at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,

"LA POLKA GLISSANTE,"

Dedicated to W. H. HOLMES; and

"LA POLKA TREMOLA."



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF  
Madame SONTAG and Madame FREZZOLINI,  
Signori CALZOLARI, BAUCARDE, and REEVES,  
COLETTI, BELLETTI, LORENZO, and LABLACHE.  
Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,  
Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,  
And M. PAUL TAGLIONI,  
will take place on

THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 30TH, 1850,

when will be presented,  
(THE LAST TIME.)  
BELLINI'S Celebrated Opera, entitled

## LA SONNAMBULA.

Amina - Madame SONTAG,  
Count Rodolpho - Signor BELLETTI,

AND

Elvino - Mr. SIMS REEVES.

After which, a Divertissement from the admired Ballet,

## THE A.

BY MDLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI,

MDLLES. AUSSANDON, JULIEN, LAMOREUX, ROSA, and Corps de Ballet.  
In the course of the Evening, Selections from Rossini's celebrated Opera,

## GUGLIELMO TELL.

Guglielmo Tell - Signor COLETTI,  
Arnoldo - Signor BAUCARDE,

AND

Walter - Signor LORENZO.

And the admired

## "PAS STYRIEN."

Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI AND M. P. TAGLIONI.  
To be followed by the Last Act of DONIZETTI'S Opera,

## L'ELISIR D'AMORE.

Adina - Madame FREZZOLINI,  
Nemorino - Signor CALZOLARI,

AND

Dr. Dulcamara - Signor LABLACHE.

After which, the highly successful New Grand PAS DE TROIS,  
by M. P. TAGLIONI, entitled

## LES GRACES.

BY

MDLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI,  
MDLLE. AMALIA FERRARIS,  
MDLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Messrs. MACFARREN and LODER, on  
MONDAY EVENING, 27th May, 1850, when the following Artists will appear:-

Miss Catherine Hayes and Miss Birch, Madlle. Nau, Madame Macfarren, Mrs. Weiss, and Miss Louisa Pyne. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allen, Mr. Corri, Mr. Latter, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. W. Harrison. Miss Louisa Howard and Mr. A. Wigan. Herr Ernst will perform a Solo on the Violin. M. Vivier will perform a Solo on the Horn. Messrs. Benedict, Brinley Richards, W. C. Macfarren, and Osborne will perform a Quartet on two Pianofortes. Mr. Richardson will perform a Solo on the Flute. Mr. Thomas will perform a Solo on the Harp.

The Performances will comprise the First Act of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's Opera,

## KING CHARLES THE SECOND;

A CONCERT;

The Second Act of Mr. Loder's Opera,

## THE NIGHT DANCERS;

And the Extravaganza of

## THE FIRST NIGHT.

Tickets to be had of Mr. MACFARREN, 62, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square; and of Mr. LODER, 165, Albany Street; of the principal Music Sellers; and at the Box-office of the Theatre.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ONE MORE

Grand Classical, Dramatic, Miscellaneous, Concerted  
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

Selected from the following Authors:

MOZART, HANDEL, MERCADANTE, CIMAROSA, MEYERBEER,  
DONIZETTI, RICCI, ROSSINI, BELLINI, VERDI, BALFE,  
A. ADAM, PURCELL, SPOHR, GLUCK, BEETHOVEN, AND  
MENDELSSOHN,

Will take place on

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 27TH, 1850,

On which occasion the following eminent Artists will appear:

MADAME SONTAG,

MADLLE. PARODI, MISS CATHERINE HAYES,  
MADAME GIULIANI, MADLLE. IDA BERTRAND,  
AND MADAME FREZZOLINI.

SIGNORI BAUCARDE, CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES,  
COLETTI, BELLETTI, LORENZO,  
F. LABLACHE, AND F. LABLACHE,

SUPPORTED BY

All the Instrumental and Choral Resources of the Theatre.

In addition to which the valuable assistance of M. THALBERG  
has been secured.

The whole under the Direction of Mr. BALFE.

## PART I.

Overture (*Faust*) . . . . . Spohr.  
Te Deum (*Laudamus*) . . . . . Mozart.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,  
Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-  
lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,  
and Lablache, and Chorus.

Cavatina, Madame Frezzolini, "Di quei soavi palpiti,"

(*Orazi e Curiazi*) . . . . . Mercadante.  
Aria, Signor Calzolari, "Spirto gentil," (*La Favorita*) . . . . . Donizetti.

Duetto, Mdme. Sontag and Mdle. Ida Bertrand,  
"Ser brami ognor," (*Semiramide*) . . . . . Rossini.

Romanza, Sig. Baucarde, "La Dea di tutti i cor," (*Giuramento*) . . . . . Mercadante.  
"Le Dieu de Paphos," (First time in this country) . . . . . Gluck.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,  
Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-  
lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,  
and Lablache, and Chorus.

Variations (by desire), Madame Sontag, "Ah! vous dirai-je,"

Flute Obligato, Mons. Ramusat (*La Torreador*) . . . . . A. Adam.

War Song and Chorus (by desire), Mr. Sims Reeves,  
"Come if you dare," (*King Arthur*) . . . . . Purcell.

## PART II.

Overture (*The Isle of Fingal*) . . . . . Mendelssohn.

Recit. e Aria, Signor Coletti, "Lieti voci" (*Zaira*) . . . . . Mercadante.

Rondo, Madame Frezzolini (*Betty*) . . . . . Donizetti.

Duetto, Signor Coletti and Signor Lablache,

"Qui fra voi" (*Elisa e Claudio*) . . . . . Mercadante.

Aria, Madlle. Parodi, "Sempre all'alba" (*Giovanna d'Arco*) . . . . . Verdi.

New Variations, Pianoforte, on the "Barcarolle"

(*L'Elisir d'Amore*) . . . . . Thalberg.

Air, Madame Sontag, "Let the bright Seraphim" (*Sampson*) . . . . . Handel.

(Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Zeiss)

Aria, Signor Belletti, "Più-più" (*GH Ugonotti*) . . . . . Meyerbeer.

Polacca, Madame Giuliani, "Severe esiste-encore" (*Les*

*Martyrs*) . . . . . Donizetti.

Selections from the "Hymn of Praise" (*Lobgesang*), the Solos

by Madame Sontag and Miss C. Hayes and Full Chorus

## PART III.

Overture (*Prometheus*) . . . . . Beethoven.

Russian Ballad, Mdme. Frezzolini, "Zolovoi; ou le Rossignol"

Terzetto, for Three Tenors—(in consequence of the rap-  
turous encore at the last Concert.)

Signori Baucarde, Sims Reeves, and Calzolari,

"In quale aspetto imbelles," (*Armida*) . . . . . Rossini.

New Ballad, Miss Catherine Hayes, "The joy of tears," . . . . . Balfe.

(First Time of Performance.)

Fantasia, Pianoforte, M. Thalberg, on subjects from *Lucrezia*

*Borgia*, . . . . . Thalberg.

Duetto, Signori Lorenzo and Coletti, "Che l'anticipata,"

(*Chiara di Rosmeberg*) . . . . . Ricci.

"Serbate o Dei Custodi," (*La Clemenza di Tito*) . . . . . Mozart.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,

Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-

lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,

and Lablache, and Chorus.

Boxes, 2 Guineas; Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Pit, 5s. 6d.;

Gallery Stalls, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

THIRD NIGHT OF ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, May 28th, will be performed, with the following powerful Caste, Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Opera,

## ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Alice . . . . .	Madame GRISI,
Isabella . . . . .	Madame CASTELLAN,
Elena . . . . .	Mdlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI,
Alberto . . . . .	Signor ROMMI,
Eraldo . . . . .	Mons. MASSOL,
Il Priore . . . . .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Major Domo . . . . .	Signor SOLDI,
Cavaliers . . . . .	Signori MEI and POLONINI,
Roberto . . . . .	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Bertramo . . . . .	Herr FORMES,
AND	
Rambaldo . . . . .	Signor MARIO,

## EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR RONCONI.

FIRST NIGHT OF "ANATO."

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 30, a GRAND COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT will take place, embracing the whole of the Opera ANATO, in which SIGNOR RONCONI will make his first Appearance this Season, the most striking portions of the Opera LUCREZIA BORGIA, and the Grand Third Act of Rossini's Opera of ZORA, (Mose in Egitto), including the incidental Ballet, the magnificent Chorus, and Finale.

The Performances will commence with (for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera) a Grand Opera, founded on Verdi's NEBUCCONOSOR, entitled

## A N A T O,

The Principal Characters by

Signor RONCONI, (His First Appearance this Season),	
Mdme. CASTELLAN, Mdlle. VERA,	
Signor TAGLIAFICO, AND Signor TAMBERLIK.	

After which will be performed the Principal Act (the Second) of DONIZETTI's Opera,

## LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Lucrezia Borgia . . . . .	Madame GRISI,
Maffio Orsini . . . . .	Madlle. de MERIC,
Don Alphonso . . . . .	Signor TAMBURINI,
Don Apostolo Gazella . . . . .	Signor GREGORIO,
Ascania Petrucci . . . . .	Signor RACHE,
Jeppo Liverotto . . . . .	Signor SOLDI,
Gubetta . . . . .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Oloferno Vitellozzo . . . . .	Signor LUIGI MEI,
AND	
Gennaro . . . . .	Signor MARIO.

To conclude with the THIRD ACT of ROSSINI's Grand Opera,

## ZORA,

including the Magnificent Finale.

Anais . . . . .	Madame CASTELLAN,
Senaide . . . . .	Mademoiselle VERA,
Nicotri . . . . .	Mademoiselle d'OKOLSKI,
Merismane . . . . .	Signor TAMBURINI,
Zora . . . . .	Monsieur ZELGER,
Babias . . . . .	Signor LAVIA,
Osiris . . . . .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Aufido . . . . .	Signor SOLDI,
AND	
Amenoff . . . . .	Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Divertissement will be supported by

Monsieur ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor . . . . . Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open, from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,  
THE QUEEN.

MRS. ANDERSON (Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructress to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal), has the honor to inform her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL

## GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, on  
MONDAY, JUNE 10th, 1850,

Commencing at HALF-PAST ONE O'CLOCK precisely.

MRS. ANDERSON has very great gratification in being able on the above occasion to present to her Patrons and Friends a Grand Work of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY, viz., the Music written by that great Composer to the SOPHOCLEAN TRAGEDY of

## ÆDIPUS COLONEUS.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by THE KIND AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it. It will therefore be heard for the first time in public on the above occasion, and will be given with the English version of its Lyrics, and an elucidative MONOLOGUE, written for this occasion by Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, and which will be recited, with extracts from the MS. Tragedy, by

MR. BARTLEY.

who had the honor of reading the Tragedy at Buckingham Palace, by Command of HER MAJESTY.

The Concert will be in Two Parts.—Part I. The Whole of the Music composed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, to the Sophoclean Tragedy of

## ÆDIPUS COLONEUS.

Part II. will consist of a

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION

from the most admired Operas, and Works of the Great Masters and include

## BEETHOVEN'S GRAND CHORAL FANTASIA,

Performed by

MRS. ANDERSON.

The following Artists of the Royal Italian Opera will appear on the occasion:

Madme. GRISI,	Madme. CASTELLAN,
Madlle. VERA,	Madlle. de MERIC,
Signor TAMBURINI,	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Signor POLONINI,	Signor LAVIA,
Signor LUIGI MEI,	Mons. ZELGER,
Mons. MASSOL,	Signor MARALTI,
Herr FORMES,	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Signor RONCONI, and	Signor MARIO.

Also the magnificent BAND and CHORUS of the Royal Italian Opera.

Conductor . . . . . Mr. COSTA.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

## PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Boxes: Pit Tier, £2 2s.—Grand Tier, £4 4s.—First Tier, £3 3s.—Second Tier, £2 2s.—Third Tier, £1 11s. 6d.—Orchestra Stalls, 15s.—Amphitheatre stalls, 5s.—Pit, 5s.—Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Tickets and Boxes to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre; at the principal music-sellers and libraries; and of Mrs. Anderson, 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

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